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Episode #7.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, "Uncles Sam's Forest Rangers" -- Today we bring you once again our friends Forest Ranger Jim Robbins and his new assistant, Jerry Quick. Ranger Jim is still putting Jerry through his paces, teaching him the many things that go into the job of protecting the public resources on the national forest, - the job of keeping the forest ever green and growing. Last week we saw the rangers at Al Perkins' logging camp, and Jerry almost got into a little mix-up when he tried to tell some of the loggers the proper way to cut trees. Ranger Jim straightened things out, however, and we left them feeling pretty certain that the trees would be cut in such a way that there would still be a good stand of thrifty, growing timber left. Today we find Ranger Jim in his little office at the Pine Cone Ranger Station.

JIM: Well, Bess, it's a little early to be thinking about lunch, with breakfast just finished ----

BESS: About lunch? You must be going out.

JIM: Yes, I'm going up to the old Wilson place to survey a pasture use. I'll take Jerry along to help me run the lines.

BESS: You can't get up there with the car now, can you Jim?

JIM: No, the snow's too deep. We will have to take the horses.

BESS: Well, I suppose you want your lunches packed up.

JIM: How did you guess it? And while you're doing that I'll get my map and compass.

BESS: All right, I'll fix the lunches right away.

JIM: I'll glance over this map again while we're waiting ---
(Undertone) Hmm.-- Let's see now. -- A hundred and seventy acres here. ---- A hundred and seventy and two hundred and fifty is -- uh -- three hundred and --- three hundred and twenty acres. ----

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

JIM: Oh, Bess. Someone's at the door. Can you let them in?

BESS: (off) All right, Jim.

(SOUND OF DOOR OPENING)

BESS: Why Mary Halloway. Come right in.

MARY: Good morning, Mrs. Robbins. I just thought I'd drop in a few minutes on my way to school. I wanted to see Mr. Robbins about something.

BESS: I'm glad to see you. ---- Jim. Can you leave that map a minute? Here's Mary Halloway.

JIM: Sure. Hello Mary. You've been quite a stranger lately.

MARY: I've been real busy with my school work, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: How are you getting along with the teaching this year?

MARY: Just fine. The children are so eager -- and so well behaved.

BESS: I've heard some nice things about you from some of the parents, Mary. I hope you enjoy it here in Winding Creek.

MARY: Thanks. I'm beginning to like it real well. It was a little hard at first, coming into a strange place like this, and not knowing a soul, you know.

JIM: I s'pose it was, but everybody in the camp likes you, Mary.

MARY: Thank you, Mr. Robbins. It's real nice of you to say it. -- Uh --- Where's everybody?

JIM: Everybody? Where? Here, you mean?

MARY: Why, -- uh -- yes. I was just wondering if -- if you had any other callers -- or anything?

JIM: (Chuckles) Nobody here but Bess and me.

MARY: (disappointed) Oh.

JIM: (slyly) Expect to find somebody else here?

MARY: No, only ----

JIM: Only what?

MARY: Well -- I thought maybe Mr. Quick might be here.

JIM: Oh, Jerry! Well I swan. That kid has only been here about a month and he has beat my time already. And I thought you came to see me.

MARY: I did come to see you Mr. Robbins, only ----

BESS: Don't pay any attention to him Mary. He's the worst tease you ever saw.

JIM: No. Don't mind me, Mary. --- Jerry's out at the barn. I'll call him.

MARY: Oh, no, Mr. Robbins. Don't do that.

JIM: Sure I will. (SOUND OF GOING TO BACK DOOR & OPENING IT)-- Oooo ---- Jerry. -----

JERRY: ('way off) Yo-o-o-o.

JIM: (calls) Come in here. Someone to see you.

MARY: (in confusion) But I didn't come to see him, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: No? (chuckles) Well, I reckon it will do him good anyhow.

MARY: I wanted to see you.

JIM: Me? What about?

MARY: You, see, Mr. Robbins, next Monday --

BESS: Here comes Jerry.

(SOUND OF JERRY'S FOOTSTEPS AND BACK DOOR CLOSING)

JIM: Just a minute, Miss Halloway. Hey, Jerry. We have a caller.

JERRY: Oh --- hello, Mary -- uh --- I mean, Miss Halloway.

MARY: How do you do, Mr. Quick.

JERRY: (embarrassed) Fine! ---- Uh --- nice weather, isn't it?

MARY: Yes, it's a beautiful day.

JERRY: Yes. --- Nice day. --- Uh --- been nice for several days. -

MARY: Yes. --- I hope next Monday will be as nice as this.

JERRY: Next Monday?

MARY: Yes. It's a holiday, you know. George Washington's Birthday.

JERRY: Oh. Sure enough. -- Is George Washington's Birthday a holiday for us -- uh -- for us Rangers, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Yes, it's a holiday -- that is, if nothing urgent comes up.

MARY: Oh, it won't this time, will it, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Well, I'm not looking for any unusual pressure of work just at this time. Of course, you never can tell. ---
(chuckles) Year before last, for instance, down in Southern California they had a fire season that hung on awfully late. My old friend Ranger Hayward was just sitting down to a big fine Christmas dinner when a call came in and he had to hot-foot it out in the hills to fight fire. He didn't get back for any Christmas at all.

BESS: Oh, what a shame!

JIM: But we won't likely have any trouble like that just now. More likely about the Fourth of July.

MARY: Well, I hope you'll be free on Washington's Birthday, Mr. Robbins. That's what I came to see you about.

JIM: About Washington's Birthday?

MARY: Yes, I was just going to tell you about it a minute ago. You see, next Monday we are going to have a little patriotic program for the children at the school---

JIM: Yes?

MARY: And I thought maybe -- you could give a talk to the children about how much the forest mean to the nation.

JIM: Me? (Laughs) Well, Mary, I'm not exactly what you'd call a silver-tongued orator.

MARY: Oh, but I know you could give them a splendid talk, Mr. Robbins. And the children would just love it. Why, every single boy in my school wants to be a ranger when he grows up.

JIM: (Laughs) Wait till they find out how much hard work there is to a ranger's job. Plenty to do, isn't there, Jerry?

JERRY: Gosh, I'll say so.

MARY: But you will give a talk for us, won't you, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: I thought we just had it fixed up so I could have a holiday next Monday. And now you're springing a brand new job on me.

MARY: Oh, but Mr. Robbins. You won't mind really, will you?

JIM: (bantering) Well now, Mary. This is a pretty serious matter. I'll have to give it very careful consideration.

MARY: Oh, Please, Mr. Robbins.

BESS: Don't you worry, Mary. Jim will do it. He's just teasing you again.

JIM: (chuckles) There you are, Mary. Bess just made up my mind for me.

MARY: Oh that's just fine. You can tell them how useful and important the forests are and how they protect the watersheds and everything. Jerry -- uh -- Mr. Quick -- has been telling me a lot about trees I didn't know before.

JIM: Oho. So Jerry's been doing a little crusading for forestry.

JERRY: Well - uh - yes, sir.

MARY: And he's been telling me some of the wonderful things you rangers do -- how romantic it all is --

JIM: Haw, haw, haw. Romantic, huh?

MARY: Why, of course it is.

JIM: Did he tell you about the romantic job of scrubbing the rust off of fire tools, and smearing grease on 'em, like he's been doing?

MARY: Well --- no, but ---

JERRY: Mr. Robbins -- I -- uh -- I was just telling her some of the things I -- well, I sort of hope to do, --- like riding the range and that sort of thing.

JIM: Oh, so that's it. (chuckles)

BESS: Well never you mind. It is romantic. These foresters are just too close to the job, Mary. That's all. Nothing ever seems romantic, you know, when you do it yourself.

JIM: (chuckles) Well, Bess has settled that, too. I guess I'll have to admit I do get a thrill out of rangin' now and then -- even an old bone-spavined hoss like me. -- Well, anyway. What time is this meeting of yours next Monday, Mary?

MARY: At two o'clock. I'm so glad you're coming. Later on, we're going to plant some George Washington Memorial Trees in the school yard. This is the Bicentennial Year, you know.

JIM: That's fine. By the way, George Washington was something of a forester himself. I might tell the kids a little about that. He cruised a lot of timber in his day, -- and organized a company to cut shingles and lumber in the Dismal Swamp, and a lot of other things like that. (chuckles) I remember reading one time where he told a joke on himself in his Diary. He was out leading a surveying party and when they came to put up for the night the men rolled out their beds on the ground, but Washington, being the boss of the party, thought he'd bunk all to himself in a straw bed in a deserted cabin near there. Pretty soon he found himself scratching and scratching, and he finally decided he didn't have that cabin all to himself after all. So he got up, put on his clothes and went out and slept in the open with the rest of the party. He was a pretty good sport, to tell that one on himself.

BESS: I don't think it would be exactly appropriate to tell that to the school children.

JIM: (chuckles) No. Maybe not. But I can tell them about the hundreds of trees Washington planted at Mount Vernon and other places --- and how much he loved the trees and the forests.

MARY: Oh, that will be splendid! It's awfully good of you to do this, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Don't mention it, Mary, I'm glad to do it.

MARY: Well, I'd better be going, I guess.

BESS: Oh, no Mary. Come in the other room and chat with me, while I fix up some lunches. I haven't seen you for weeks. We can leave the men here to their work.

MARY: All right. I can stop a few minutes longer. (going off) Well, good bye, Mr. Robbins. Don't forget next Monday, and good bye, Mr. Quick.

JIM: So long, Mary.

JERRY: Good bye.

JIM: Well, Jerry. So you're hoping for more romantic things to do, huh?

JERRY: Well, I would like to get out in the woods a little - on some other work besides marking timber.

JIM: You would, huh? Well, I have a little surveying job planned for to-day up on Thirsty Creek. How about it, can you run a compass line?

JERRY: Sure I can.

JIM: All right put this compass in your war bag. I'll tie the jacob staff on my saddle. We'll have to go horseback.

JERRY: (enthusiastic) Horseback? Oh that's great.

JIM: Ever ridden horseback much?

JERRY: (not so enthusiastic) Well, --- uh --- Oh yes, I used to ride quite a lot.

JIM: (Dubiously) Well that's fine --- Let's go out and see if you know which end of the horse to put the bridle on.

JERRY: I know that much, anyhow.

JIM: Good. (laughs) Come on.

(SOUND OF DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

JIM: Let's see now. -- You'd better ride Zipper, I guess. Dolly is gentle enough with me, but she sort of resents it if I let anybody else ride her. Sort of figures she's my pal, I guess. There's Dolly now. She hear's me coming. Good old Dolly.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: Whoa, Dolly -- Whoa now. You got yourself all humped up this morning. (grunts at pulling up cinch) There. All set, Jerry? Better pull that cinch up a little more. Old Zipper's got a little humpin his back, too. These frosty mornings make 'em feel that way. -- That's tight enough --- well, here we go.

JERRY: Shall I get on, too?

JIM: Sure. -- No, wait a minute. Come over here on this side. (chuckles) You milk a cow on the right side but you get on a horse from the left, see?

JERRY: (embarrassed laugh) I knew that, too. -- I'd sort of forgotten, I guess.

JIM: Whoa Zipper -- You'd better cheek him, Jerry. He hasn't been out of the stable for a week and he's feeling kind of frisky.

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JERRY: Uh -- How do you mean?

JIM: Here, take hold of his cheek strap with your left hand while you're mounting. Then he can't get his head down. See -- like this -- Whoa, Dolly! (Pats her neck)

JERRY: (Confidently) Oh yes, that's easy. Here goes --
(Sound of horses hoof bucking)

JERRY: Whoa -- Whoa.

JIM: (shouts) Hold 'im up, Jerry. --- Whoa, Zipper, whoa! Hold him up!! (SOUND OF HORSES HOOFS) -- Confused shouts of Jerry" "Whoa," etc.)

JIM: Running away with him, the old deveil -- (shouts) Get his head up, Jerry. Whoa, Zipper. Easy, there. ---

(HORSES HOOF BEATS FADE OFF)

JIM: Oh!! -- Threw him, by gosh. (shouts) Jerry. -- Jerry -- are you hurt, boy?

JIM: (Rides up to Jerry) Hit the fence, didn't you?
(Jerry groans) -- Wait, don't try to stand up yet --
Hmmm---- Can't feel any broken bones. (calls) Bess. --
Oh, Bess -- Come out here. Jerry's horse threw him.

JERRY: (weakly) I'm all right. --- (as if in pain) Ow!

BESS: (coming up) Is he hurt, Jim?

JIM: Hurt his shoulder a little, I think, Bess.

MARY: (coming up) (with feeling) Jerry -- Jerry! Are you hurt?

JERRY: I'm all right, Mary.

MARY: Oh, I'm so sorry!

JIM: Here, let me pack him into the house,

JERRY: I can walk, -- I think (groans)

JIM: Lean on me, boy -- That's it. You got quite a shake up.

MARY: Let me help you, too, Jerry.

JERRY: Thanks, Mary.

JIM: You go ahead, Bess, and fix up the couch.

BESS: Yes, Jim. I'll have it ready.

(SOUND OF SLOW STEPS ON PORCH AND DOOR OPENS)

JIM: Here we are --- Gently, there, boy -- Lie down easy ---
That's right.

JERRY: Thanks, Mr. Robbins. I'm all right -- except my shoulder --
hurts a little.

JIM: Take it easy, boy --- Mary, you stay with him while I
call up Doc Simpson. I don't think it's anything
serious, but I want to be sure.

MARY: All right, Mr. Robbins. Tell the doctor to hurry.

(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING)

BESS: I'll go fix some hot towels, Mary.

MARY: Yes, do, Mrs. Robbins. I'll stay here with Jerry. -- Oh,
Jerry. I do hope you're not hurt badly.

JERRY: Don't worry, Mary -- (feeble laugh) That darned horse
wouldn't pay any attention when I said "whoa".

MARY: (Indignant) It's a shame to give you a mean horse to ride.

JERRY: Oh, he didn't do it on purpose -- You know, Mary, I know
hardly anything about horses, but I didn't want Mr.
Robbins to know it.

MARY: Oh, you should have told him.

JERRY: I know, but you see, he thinks I'm so dumb --- He's always
bawling me out --- it seems everything I do is wrong.

MARY: Don't you worry, Jerry. I just know you'll make good.

JERRY: I sure want to, Mary.

MARY: And you will, too. I know you will! Oh, I just have to go now, Jerry, or I'll be late to the school -- I wish I could stay with you.

JERRY: Thanks, Mary.

MARY: I'll come in right after school to see how you are, may I?

JERRY: Will you?!! Gosh, that's awfully good of you.

MARY: And you must quit worrying, Jerry. As soon as your shoulder's well you can just show Mr. Robbins that you can be as good a ranger as anybody.

JERRY: (discouraged) It's no use, Mary. He doesn't think I'm worth a darn.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: How's Jerry feeling, Bess?

BESS: He seems to be resting easy. Mary had to run along to school.

JIM: I just called Doc Simpson. He's coming right over.

BESS: That's good.

JIM: And now I'd better call the Supervisor. Let's see, they've changed the Super's ring. I never can remember these darned rings.

BESS: Two long and one short.

JIM: Oh, yes. (RINGS PHONE TWO LONG AND ONE SHORT) -- Hello, hello -- Let me talk to Mr. Ellsworth -- Hello, Bert. This is Jim -- Say, Bert -- Jerry Quick just got thrown off his horse -- hurt his shoulder a little -- No, I don't think it's anything serious, but I'd better make a report of it. Send me a Form C.A. 1, will you? Good -- thanks -- Yes, Bert. That boy Jerry is all right -- Yes, sir. He's going to make a ranger out of himself yet -- Yes, he's as game as they come. You know, Bert, I'm getting mighty fond of that boy --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

ANNOUNCER: Well, folks, that's too bad about Jerry, isn't it? Tune in next Thursday, and we'll find out how he is getting along. That is just one of the things that may happen to a young fellow learning the job of protecting the national forests as one of "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers." --

Mr. H. A. Cosley of Troy, Ohio, writes to Forest Ranger Jim Robbins as follows: "While you tell Jerry to break his match into two pieces before throwing it down, why don't you tell him to be sure to rub off the flowing ends of safety matches before throwing them down, too? If you will kindly do this, Ranger Jim, then everything will be O.K. at this end of the line on the banks of the beautiful Miami".

Thank you, Mr. Cosley, for your interest. Jim Robbins says this: "when a man strikes a match or lights a smoke it becomes his personal responsibility to make sure all fire is out -- dead out -- before throwing either his match or his smoke away."

In these Forest Ranger programs the part of Jim Robbins is played by Harvey Hays, the cast today also included _____ as Jerry Quick and _____ as Mary Halloway.

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February 8, 1932.

1890

Received of the Hon. the Secretary of the
Board of Education the sum of \$100.00

for the purchase of books for the
School of the City of New York

This receipt is valid for the purpose of
the purchase of books for the

School of the City of New York

for the year 1890

Wm. H. Wood